



# I LOVE THE STILL EVENING

## A BALLAD.

Words by

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Music by

A. BROWN.

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I love the still evening, It lulleth to

rest, The world cares that wander by day through the breast; How gently it

1876

com - eth With soft fan - ning wings, What joy to the toil worn Its

qui - et - - - - - ness brings.

2

I love the still evening:  
It seems to impart,  
A deep sense of devotion  
And peace to my heart,  
And what lessons are taught us,  
Of wisdom and love,  
By the soft-gleaming stars,  
In their archway above.

3

I love the still evening:  
'Tis then are upcast,  
By sweet memory's wand,  
Treasured scenes of the past.  
Yes, in winter or summer,  
Whic'er it may be,  
The evening-time always  
Is pleasant to me.

4

I love the still evening:  
Our better thoughts stray,  
In the noise, and the glare,  
And excitement of day.  
But the truant's returning,  
How gladly we greet,  
When evening-time bringeth  
Tranquillity sweet.

5

I love the still evening:  
'Tis then for awhile,  
The vain heart may forget,  
Its deception and guile.  
Yes, a deep inspiration  
To evening seems given,  
To soften our natures—  
To win us to heaven!

